

His residence at Havre de Grace, Baltimore and Washington, and his visits to various places in the South, contributed to the building up in him of a conception of national character wholly different from the somewhat narrow view prevalent in New-England. His Boston friends criticized his tone in religious controversy. He replied, in effect, with some asperity, that they did not know what they were talking about, that they had no notion of the tastes and temper of people with whom he had to deal. Though, as has been remarked, he took a certain pleasure in controversy, he had few faults as a reformer. He loved deeds for getting rid of disagreeable problems. His remedy for slavery was colonization. When his sympathies were outraged by the whipping of a negro in Georgia, he merely wondered why such cruelty should be exercised in public. "Never in my life," he wrote, "have I felt my indignation rise so high. The laws ought not to suffer such exhibitions in public. Let cruel masters exercise their tortures in private, and not outrage the feelings of society by giving vent to their

GOLDWIN SMITH'S VERSE.
A TINY ANTHOLOGY FROM THE LATIN

These fragments of the Latin poets Lucretius, Catullus, Horace, Propertius, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Lucan, Martial, Claudian turned to English, show the translator as a scholarly man of the world rather than as a poet. The verse is smooth and good, the rhymes are in general correct, the meaning of the original is given with more accuracy than he claims. But there are verses where the translator's poetic gift is wanting. In an author culminate and these are the supreme test of the translator's poetic gift. There is a line in the first book of the "Pharsalia," often quoted, which expresses with seven words all the bitter scepticism of Lucan's disposition, and at the same time conveys his rhetorical skill. Compare that line with the Victorian version, and the result is something like this:

Since either cause had warranty divine,
The winning, Heaven's; the losing, I,so, thine.

The English is neat and precise and good; the Latin is a deadly curse. In another case, that is a passage from Lucretius, where Sisyphus is men-

formance is stilted to-day, as in Dante's time, starting with predictably increased productivity its drop of novels of illicit love, all of which the great Italian poet has here typically flung into his Inferno, and which, in the hands of the modern dramatist, strikes another sounding blow at the morality of his dislike, speaking of a "kind of Celtism in literature, very fascinating, but very dangerous, an element which is still fostered and scattered throughout Europe and the world by the French novel of illicit love." This way of fitting an old story in modern instances is exemplified in other parts of Mr. Snider's book. Speaking of barberry, which is common in the mountains of the Apennines, he puts the American congress of the old Italian republics in the form of official corruption. It is sometimes startling to have the phases of Dante's poem that seem to this new commentator to be of contemporary human interest pointed out with a sort of flourish. But the method is after all one that enlarges the circle of those who should be attracted to the study of the *Divine Comedy*.

In view of the principle which actuates Mr. Snider's criticism, namely, that Dante was always conscious of his own hidden meanings, and that every incident of his narrative must be scanned with that thought in view, he certainly misses a very definite case of self-accusation on the part of the poet.

For example to stress citing because it applies to a man who is a hypocrite. His name was himself accused of official corruption by the Venetian Senate. When he gets among the narrators he contrives a humorous drama, divided by Mr. Snider into the required five acts, in which the actors are the damned

Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor's novel, "Clara," has just been brought out in London. The coming publication season in that city promises to be an active one. Nearly 2,000 new books and new editions have just been announced.

The sermon which appears in General Lew Wallace's new book as one delivered from the pulpit of St. Sophia is said to contain the statement of the author's own religious beliefs.

ating to the Nation." Its local destination was at then known. We supposed it would be given the Art Institute on the Lake Front, but in spite

Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty
surf is grinding
Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and
landward it roars.